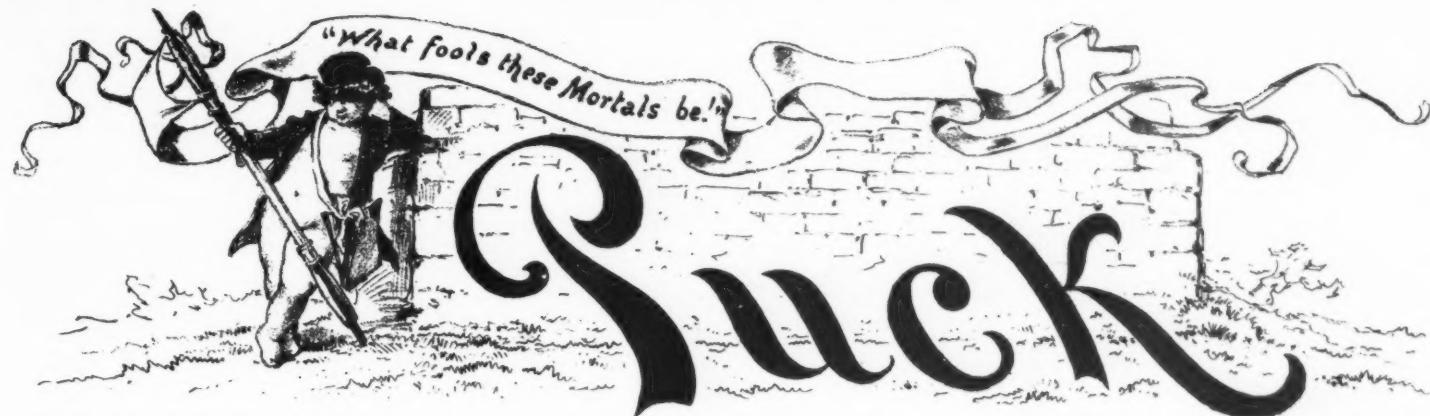


VOL. XXV.—No. 644.

NEW YORK, JULY 10, 1889.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.



THE BRAVE LITTLE GIANT-KILLER.

SPOILS SYSTEM GIANT.—Calm yourself, Theodore — if you go too far, you 'll find yourself jerked back mighty sudden!



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of *Puck* is \$5.00 per year.
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Keppler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, July 10th, 1889.—No. 644.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT is one of the most interesting figures in political life. He is a man of ability, originality and honesty. He is plucky, aggressive and vigorous. Dullness flees where the Honorable Theodore lifts his head: the dead bones of political conservatism rattle, echoing his elastic tread. And yet the Honorable Theodore Roosevelt, with all his capacity and enthusiasm, is but, as it were, a bobtail great man. In the noble national game of poker there is a hand which is frequently held. Let us suppose that five cards are dealt to you: three of one suit and two of no pertinence. You discard the two of no pertinence, and draw two others. One of these is of the suit you hold, one is not, and this last one chimes with no other in your hand. Had it been of that suit, you would have had a flush—a brave and hopeful hand. As it is, you have but a bobtail flush—a hand around which cluster memories of bright aspirations—which, however, is inferior to the lowly straight and the humble pair. And yet it is all but a flush.

* * *

It was years ago that Mr. Roosevelt set out, as an assemblyman, to reform the lower house of the New York legislature. The years have come and the years have gone, and Mr. Roosevelt is no longer an assemblyman, and the assembly is, if possible, a little worse than he found it. His next prominent appearance was as the opponent of the principal candidate for the Republican nomination in the national convention of '84. The candidate was nominated, and Mr. Roosevelt supported him. Again he appeared, in '86, as the Republican candidate for the New York mayoralty. The vote which defeated him showed that the few citizens who supported him had thrown away their votes simply to assist in the glorious task of "keeping the Republican party together."

* * *



A SOLUTION OF THE QUESTION.

SHARES.—I'm in a great quandary what to do with my son. I must put him to work at something, he's leading such a fast life.

PUTTS.—Why not make a telegraph messenger of him?

•

And there you have the secret of Mr. Roosevelt's bobtail greatness. With all his cleverness, all his spirit, all his good sense and all his patriotism, he will sacrifice himself and his great possibilities whenever his PARTY lays its heavy hand on his shoulder and says, "You must!" He is honest in his yielding—just as honest as he is in the good work which he does at his own instance; but it is just this willingness to yield to inferior minds, to men who have none of his sincerity or faithfulness, that has bobbed Mr. Roosevelt's political tail. To the public he has always been a pugilist who jumps into the ring and fights through the first round with a courage, skill and endurance which frighten his antagonist and win the confidence of all who see his work—and who suddenly finds out, when the second round is called, that he has business elsewhere. It is not that his pluck has failed him—he is plucky enough. But his backers tell him to stop, and he stops. He is more loyal to them than he is to himself and the public.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt is now a member of what is known as the Civil Service Reform Commission, and he is making things uncommonly lively for those officials who have disregarded the law which was nominally intended to bring about a reform in our civil service. There are two other distinguished members of that commission; but Mr. Roosevelt's personality brings him conspicuously to the front, and it may safely be said that the commission would never have attracted the share of public attention which it now enjoys had not Mr. Roosevelt been on it. To all intents and purposes, it is Mr. Theodore Roosevelt who is going about, rebuking this postmaster, correcting that collector, setting right this, that or the other official—and doing quite the fair, just and lawful thing every time. He knows the law, and he enforces it. His rulings—or the rulings of the commission, which are the same thing—are wise and wholesome. We would ask nothing better than to have the whole government business run as Mr. Roosevelt and his associates direct. Were it so conducted, such a burden would be lifted off the shoulders of the American tax-payer that he might well bear with patience his other loads—even that of the high protective tariff, that weights every thread of his coat with a heavy tax which he must pay to swell the surplus in the national treasury.

* * *

So far, Mr. Roosevelt is doing well, and justifying the judgement of President Harrison in appointing him. He is acting as a splendid advertisement for the Republican party. While the President is discharging United States Judges because they do not agree with "his policy," filling public offices with political workers, wholly regardless of their fitness, and finding convenient jobs for his relatives, it is well to have a man traveling over the country to exhibit the lofty principle, obedience to law, and high disregard of partisanship which the people were told to expect of the new administration. It looks well, and it costs nothing. Mr. Roosevelt may snub a few postmasters and collectors, but it will only teach them not to demand too much of the heads of the government; and, of course, they can return to their old disregard of the law as soon as Mr. Roosevelt's back is turned. So far, so good. Mr. Roosevelt answers the purpose for which he was placed in office, and his usefulness is largely increased by the fact of the people's believing in his sense and his sincerity. He is no Quay, to turn prohibitionist or anti-prohibitionist at a moment's notice, to serve the need of the hour. What he does, he does honestly. He is only an advertisement; but he does not know it.

* * *

He will know it, we sadly fear, when his advertisement ceases to be profitable enough to compensate for his disturbance of the working of the Republican machine. Then, as has happened so many times before, the Hand of the Party will fall on Mr. Roosevelt, and he will disappear from the sight of the people, until such time as the Party may want him again. We shall not know how it is done, nor why it is done: we shall know only that his energetic work of reform is stopped, and that the Party has stopped it. We may surmise that he has attempted to reform some essential part of that spoils system which the Party can not afford to have reformed at any cost; but all we shall know is that he reforms no more. His future as a reformer may be wrecked on the attempt to reform a postmaster with a "pull"; it may go to pieces in trying to control the mad extravagance of a Pension Office which is engaged in trying to subsidize the whole army of survivors of the civil war, in order to make voters for the Republican Party; it may come to grief in one of a dozen different ways. But that the Party will use Mr. Roosevelt's honesty and enthusiasm just as long as they are useful, and no longer; and that Mr. Roosevelt's enthusiasm will subside, and his honesty retire with him to private life as soon as the Party decides that they shall subside and retire, we have no manner of doubt.

THE MIDSUMMER PUCK—24 pages—price 10 cents.

Out July 17th.

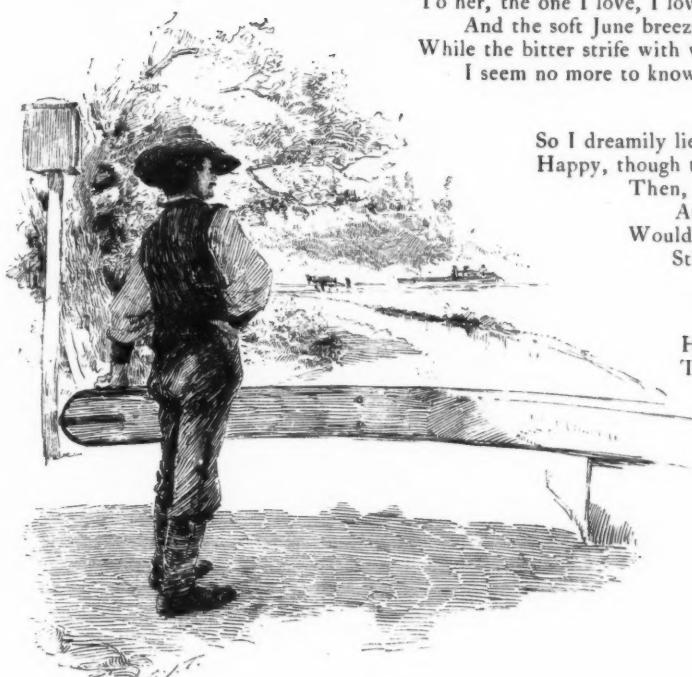
THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

A BALLAD OF THE CANAL.

HOW slow the Summer days go by, at old Lock Number One,—
The slow canal, the woods and sky, in the bright glare of the sun!
Then, oh! what use to live, to live,
If this through life's my lot—
A human clod, through life to plod,
And then to die forgot?



A lazy lounge in the lock-house shade, for few boats pass to-day;
Then the eyes half close in a dreamy doze, and the fancies idly stray
To her, the one I love, I love;
And the soft June breezes blow,
While the bitter strife with work-day life
I seem no more to know.



So I dreamily lie asleep-awake, cool though the heat motes quiver,
Happy, though the sound the ripples make seem a moan from the distant river.
Then, oh! if life were all Summer-time,
And Summer-time all June,
Would the wandering breeze, through the old oak-trees,
Still hum with the same sweet tune?

* * *

Hark! the sound of bells, so low, so sweet, though their clear sound sadly tells
That weary feet, through dust and heat, plod on to the sound of the bells.
And, oh! I know their sound, their sound;
And mule bells though they be,
Sweetly they ring, for I know they bring
The one I love to me.

Now, there is the boat itself in sight—I knew it was the *Fairy*—
And my heart beats light, all life seems bright, for there on the deck is
Mary;
For her sweet voice I'll hear, I'll hear,
And her sweet face I'll see;
And eyes so bright with a soft love light
Will lovingly gaze on me,
Will lovingly gaze on me.

Roy L. McCandell.

A NOVEL RECIPE.

 TAKE A POUND OR SO of foolscap, cut into proper size, trim the edges neatly, and see that your ink is of right temperature. Select a fresh young heroine of about one hundred and thirty pounds (hero in due proportion, and also fresh); sweeten with domestic virtues, and sprinkle with artistic tastes. Chop your sentences quite small, and garnish with exclamations; but do not mince matters in the love-making. Let the story simmer gently toward boiling point; then take a well-seasoned "situation," carefully remove all traces of probability, and add to the mixture with plenty of spice. Pour into moulds commonly used for this purpose. A little froth skimmed from other literature makes an ornamental finish.

M. S. B.

EXPERIENCED.

MRS. HIGBRED.—You said you knew all about the duties of a dining-room girl, I believe, Norah—how to wait on the table, and all that?

NORAH.—Faith, Mum, and I do that. Hav'n't I been livin' the last tin mont' wid me cousin, Moike Noonan's wife, who kapes the boordin' car on a railroad construction train; and did n't I wait on the byes meself ivy blessed meal? I did that!

LIFE IS MADE OF TIME.

MR. MORRIS TOWNE.—You're shortening your days, my boy, by living in the crowded city.

MR. MADISON SQUEER.—So are you, my boy, by wasting two hours of each day in coming and going.

A HINT FOR THE NEXT TUNNEL.

MRS. HUNNEMUNE (as the train emerges from a long tunnel).—Dear me, John, did you kiss me just now in the dark?

MR. HUNNEMUNE (glancing around to find the perpetrator of the chestnut outrage).—No, indeed! I wonder who dared to!

MRS. HUNNEMUNE (simply).—Nobody. But you missed a splendid chance, John.



OUT OF A CALM SEA.

MISS ROXIE SANDS (after the big wave has subsided).—Why, Mr. Crouton, I thought you were n't going in to-day.

MR. PEASLEY CROUTON (who did n't see it coming).—I'm not—I'm coming out.

SLEEP.



HAT A GLORIOUS THING IS SLEEP! what a refreshing luxury! what a bath of joy and rosy forgetfulness! what a halcyon realm of peace, as soft as the plumage of a dove, and as sweet as the last day of school to a schoolboy who has been counting the days to vacation since last January! Yet as poetical as sleep is, no poet seems to have had any thing like a clear idea of it.

"Death and His Brother Sleep" is the way Shelley puts it. Yet Sleep is no more the brother of Death than faded fish is the sister-in-law of Old Age. Mr. Shelley was a great poet, but he did n't know as much about sleep as the average policeman, or the average poet of to-day, who invokes it as a balmy blessing, and serves it up as a flowery mystery at ten dollars per sonnet. If the poet would only stop inventing theories and rippling arguments relative to this fragrant subject, and open the encyclopaedia, he would find just what a matter of fact and prosaic thing sleep is. He would find it to be simply a "period of repose in the animal system, in which there is a partial suspension of nervous and muscular activity necessary for the reparation of the vital powers," etc.

We would then know that sleep is not really a thing to lead the bricklayer through labyrinths of flower and vine and babbling brooklet to make him forget his hod, and fancy himself a lotos-eater; but a thing that builds him up and puts him in a proper physical shape to caper up the ladder on the following day, and fancy every rung a bed of roses.

A little further on we are told that the incessant buzzing of insects and the continuous murmur of water will soothe one to sleep in a short time. It gives us great pleasure to glean this information, as we are enabled to scatter it broadcast for the pecuniary benefit of the man who is about to have his rose-clad villa mosquito-screened, and the cascade in the roof eliminated.

The encyclopaedia likewise assures us that a man who has been accustomed to loud, unearthly noises can not sleep away from them, and we fancy that in this grain of information we have a solution of the mystery of the carpenter who falls asleep while driving nails into your roof, and is unable to close his eyes before midnight, when he is swinging in a hammock on his quiet porch, dividing his attention between a briar-wood pipe and the beaded nectar of high Olympus.

It also lights our souls with the golden explanation of the baby's drifting off into poppyed or peppermint sleep, while he is screeching the lining out of his lungs.

As it is a fact that a man can become so fatigued that it is an impossibility for him to go to sleep, there might be a delicate propriety in our suggesting to the Commissioners that they make a new law to the effect that all policemen be compelled to run, say a quarter of a mile, before going upon duty at night. A quarter of a mile would be a sufficient distance to tire the average policeman to the verge of exhaustion, and make him an impossible victim to the coy fascinations of Morpheus for at least one night.

Sleep may be a star-eyed goddess with a drowsy wand, and poppies in her ravishing ringlets, and sandals of peace on her noiseless feet, and all that sort of thing; but we prefer to know her only as she is painted in the matter-of-fact encyclopaedia.

R. K. M.

"THIS IS MY long-wanted felt!" exclaimed the tramp gratefully, as the kind housewife presented him with an old hat.



OVER THE CRÈME DE MENTHE.

BUCK HORNE.—Cholly, the Blueblood girl has broken out with undressed shoes.

BOKERS WEARE.—Ya-as; saw them on the beach yesterday; and, by the way, there did n't seem to be much dress to the stockings.

A BARE PITANCE.

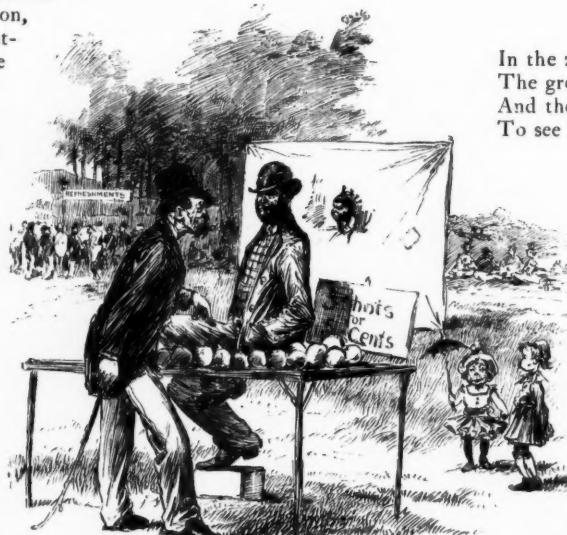
In the zoölogical garden, in a big round sandy pit, The great ant bear with the curly hair right patiently doth sit; And the crowd with glee doth pay the fee of twenty-five cents admittance, To see him feed with a fiendish greed on his really bear-pit-ants.

Decke.

A SCANDAL AT LONG BRANCH.

ROMANTIC SPINSTER.—Excuse me, sir, but is not this the spot where that beautiful girl fell into the water last Summer, and was so gallantly rescued by the gentleman who afterward married her?

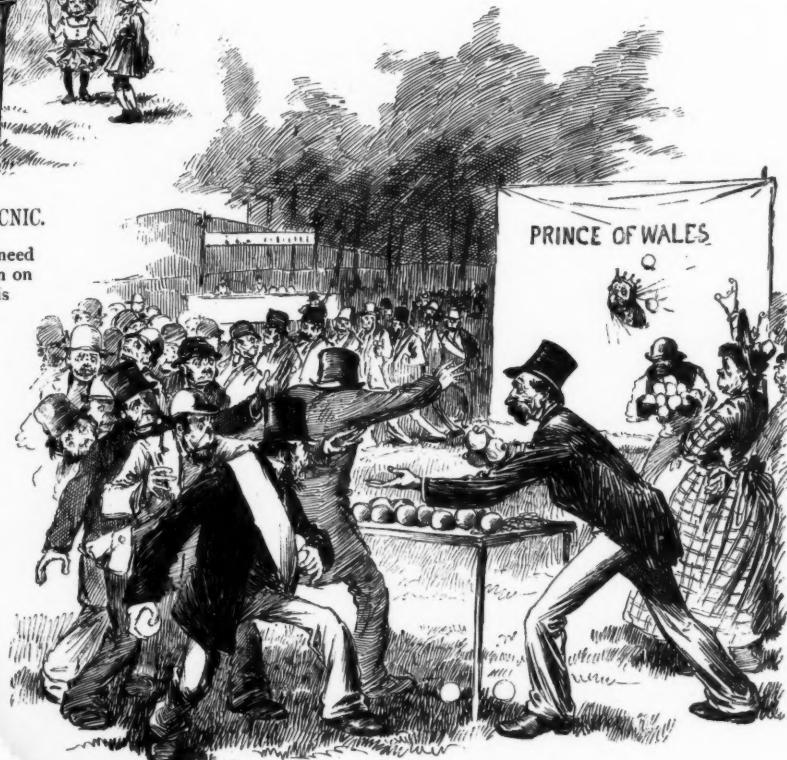
PRACTICAL BACHELOR (*giving her a penetrating glance*).—Yes, Ma'am; but I can't swim.



AT THE SONS OF HIBERNIA PICNIC.

FAKER.—Say, Ropesy, dese Irish need a bracer. Dey ain't got no entoosiasm on de nigger question, an' de moke is wallyin' in a sinecure.

ROPER.—Fakesy, I got a big scheme. Gimme yer mug an' a markin' pot an' I'll win a fortune—



(Slightly Subsequent.)

—Step right up, gents, t'ree goes at his princelets fer only half a dime — t'ree at Vic's oldest for a nickel! Five cents, and yer git t'ree tries at his nibbs' nobb. Step lively, gents, and give everybody a show!



OME GOOD SQUARE POETRY.

Fleecy locks and dark complexion,
Both can not a negro make.
Test him with a watermelon,
Then there can be no mistake.

Oh, bonnie and blithe was young Annie
of Ayr,
And braw was M'Donald who came
there to woo,

And fairly he spoke to that maiden so fair:
"Now quit the auld mither, and I will wed you."
"What, leave me auld mither?" in accents she cried.
"Yes, leave the auld mither," in accents he crew.
"For no man," she paused then, for stern her he eyed;
"Ah, yes, I will leave her—I'll leave her for you."

Philosophers and sages all
Agree that pride precedes a fall.
And this they add: "The worst rebuffs
Meet him who scorns to turn his cuffs."

Napoleon is dead and gone, and so is bold George Washington.
The two were great, and one was good, yet both now lost in death's
dark wood.

Where, should they meet, ere George could show young Nap the path
of truth to go,
Young Nap (I wot) fair George had taught to lie as fast as horse can trot.

Williston Fish.

A PHILOSOPHIC MEMORY.

JONES (*turning back to hail the Congressman from his district, who has just passed him without speaking*).—Why, Colonel Bunco, you don't know me! Don't you remember Jones, of North Fork, who distributed tickets for you last Fall?

COLONEL BUNCO.—Of course I do. Why, Jones, old fellow, how are you? Was n't expecting to see you, you know. Knew your name perfectly, and was just trying to recall your face when you spoke. How's everything down your way?



A POPULAR ARTIST.

MISS ROSE MADDER.—What? Employed d'Auber to paint your portrait? Why, he's a still-life artist; he never made a decent portrait in his life!

MISS WORTHY BLUEFERN.—I know; but he paints dresses exquisitely!

WHAT SHE LIKED.

"What do you like best?" said Mr. Dify Dent to his girl, as they stood together at the soda counter.

"Oh, I like ginger ale!" she answered; "and champagne. Any thing that—that—that—"

She did n't finish, but she blushed; and Dify popped that night.

A CLEVER SCHEME.

LOBBE.—By Jove, this coming down from Albany every few days is mighty expensive, and the N. Y. C. won't help a man out a bit.

ROBBÉ.—That's so; but why don't you work some scheme? I have n't paid any fare on the Central for six months.

LOBBE.—You don't say! Got a pass?

ROBBÉ.—No.

LOBBE.—How do you work it?

ROBBÉ.—Come down on the West Shore.

A REVISED VERSION.

How doth the little busy Boss
Improve each hour that fleets
In gathering voters to his side
Through tearing up the streets.

A HOPELESS CASE.

LAWYER.—From your story, I am convinced you are innocent. Now, have you any wealthy friends?

PRISONER.—No.

"Belong to any secret society?"

"No."

"Church?"

"No."

"Political Club?"

"No."

"God help you!"

A RISING YOUNG LAWYER.

HABEAS.—I just met young Whereas going up to the Court House. He's getting to be quite a lawyer, is n't he? Says he has a very important case on to-day. Know what it is?

PROSEQUI.—He's the defendant in a breach of promise suit.



AS THE BALLOON WENT UP.

STARTLED SPECTATOR.—Great heavens! There's a man caught on the anchor rope!

WIDE-AWAKE PUBLISHER.—Don't be alarmed; that's our advertising agent, trying to get Prof. Airey's color-printing.

BETWEEN TWO NON-QUADRUPEDS.

E. BOOTH FAKER (*soliciting a loan*).—Ah, you non-professionals do not know the trials—

BARKER CARPER.—See here, Faker, you may call me an ex-monkey if you want to, but don't call me a non-anything, unless you want to become a non-acquaintance!

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

LITTLE FANNY (*in the Central Park menagerie*).—I wonder where all these monkeys came from, Bobby?

BOBBY.—From Italy, of course, stupid!

IRKSOME RULES.

PASSENGER (*to Elevated R. R. GUARD*).—I understand the employees of the road are going on strike. What is the trouble?

GUARD.—Kickin' against the new Civil Service rules.

PASSENGER.—Why, how can Civil Service rules affect you? Do you mean that you are obliged to pass competitive examinations?

GUARD.—Huh! No, I dunno's we do; but they've got a rule that we dassent say "Step lively" any more.



DORDRECHT VAN DUTCHOVEN.



ORDRECHT VAN DUTCHOVEN is a picturesque creature from an artistic point of view, as he stands half asleep at Castle Garden, puffing his long pipe, and paying little attention to the hubbub about him. Now and then he clatters about in his wooden shoes, to see that his family does n't get out of sight, or that the few cans and kettles that constitute his all are not made away with.

Small boys make unhallowed criticisms on Dordrecht Van Dutchoven's queer blue blouse, and gray trousers that come up to the shoulder blades, and ask him if he buttons his collar on them. But Dordrecht wears no

collar. His beard and pipe protect his throat, while his long mayonnaise hair, cut off even, after the manner of the tail of an aristocratic equine, falls on his shoulders, and hides his neck from view.

As he leaves Castle Garden with his wife and children, each one of them burdened with coffee pots and other cooking utensils, we see no more of him. But we shall hear of him, later on; or, at least, our great grandchildren will, for here is his history in advance:

Perhaps he left his native Holland to keep out of jail; perhaps to better his fortunes. At home he was at least a nobody, and he can not be less here. He is now on his way up West Street to the Erie Railroad, where he will start with his wife and little ones for some outlandish part of the far West, on a cattle train, on which they will feel at home.

After an uneventful journey, they will leave the train with their effects, and get one hundred and sixty acres of land from the Government for nothing. The Van Dutchovens will settle on this, and live from hand to mouth by trapping foxes and shooting muskrats.

When his sons are of age, they will get one hundred and sixty acres of land each from the Government free; and, by the time Mr. and Mrs. Dordrecht Van Dutchoven are appropriated by the Reaper, there will be a great deal of land in the family. Railroads will come through, farms will become city squares, stores will spring out of pig-styes, and the Van Dutchovens will be wealthy landed proprietors. Through their wealth they will succeed in marrying above their station, and the next generation will have portraits of two fine old stately persons, painted by some artist from living models, and invested with great dignity and respectability, and these two will be pointed out as the original Van Dutchovens. The children will be educated abroad, where they will purchase an escutcheon, and look with becoming contempt on all ordinary people. When a man out there is asked a fancy price for any thing, he will exclaim: "Do you think I'm a Van Dutchoven?" And other people will regard with gnawing envy those happy souls who are on Mrs. Van Dutchoven's list. Some of the Van Dutchovens will be elected to office, others will found maternity hospitals, and still another will be famed for her annual Van Dutchoven Ball.

In short, the Van Dutchovens will be a very select and aristocratic family; and to have the *entrée* to its doors will be proof positive of the standing of the fortunate person.

By this time malicious newspapers will ruffle the serenity of the Van Dutchovens, by relating various things about the pioneer, Dordrecht Van Dutchoven. How he landed here in wooden shoes, with nothing in the world but a lot of cooking utensils tied up in a quilt; and how he went West and eked out a miserable existence by trapping skunks, and swindling people out of land. These things will be repeated from time to time, until many will sympathize with the Van Dutchovens, and say their humble origin is only cast up to them because they are prosperous.

And the Van Dutchovens will live in opulence, and proudly inform their betters on the slightest provocation:

"We are the Van Dutchovens, who are you?"

R. K. M.



MUST HAVE BEEN FALSE.

LITTLE ROGER.—Uncle John, I heard Papa say you got pretty well soaked last night. Did it rain very hard?

UNCLE JOHN (with a sickly smile).—I don't exactly remember, Roger; I know I was dry enough early in the evening.

THE MATERIALS WERE ALL THERE.

DOWNE.—You seem much interested in the paper. Have they discovered Cronin's murderers?

TOWNE.—No; but coming down in the elevated I saw a man playing a cornet in one window, and in the next room a fellow was stropping a razor. I would like to see the end of it.

AN EVIDENCE OF GREATNESS.

VISITOR (to Host).—You seem to be a prominent citizen here—everybody turns around to look at you.

GREAT MAN (proudly).—Yes. There ain't a man in this town that I don't owe.

NOAH was the first curve pitcher. He pitched within and out. He was no slouch of a twirler, either—his neighbors could n't get "onto" his ark.

COL. SHEPARD ASKS: "Can an Editor be a Christian?"
May be, dear Colonel; but we never heard of one yet, have you?

THE "DULL, SICKENING THUD" has yielded to the "Leyden jar."

TIME EVENS UP all things. The man who spent more than he could afford on his early Spring suit is wearing it yet.



QUITE PUT OUT.

MR. C. BEACH.—Excuse me, Lady, but your hair is on fire!



MR. LONGOBARDI.—Who yer callin' lady!

THE FREE-MASONRY OF SPORT.



HEAD OF THE FIRM (*to applicant for the position of office-boy*). — You've never worked in a business office before, and can't read or write? Then what the deuce do you mean by coming here? Where have you been all your life, you young scamp?

APPLICANT. — I wuz workin' in Belmont's stables last an' I —

HEAD OF THE FIRM. — My dear fellow! Sit right down here — have a cigar, won't you? Now, tell me candidly, what do you think of Raceland for the Monmouth Cup?

NO CREDIT THERE.

JOB COMFORT. — If you're in such hard luck, Jack, why don't you go to your uncle Nathaniel and tell him the whole story? He's rich enough to help you.

JACK N. AIGHPS (*gloomily*). — It would be no use, Job. He's one of those chaps who say "The Sabbath" when they mean Sunday!

AT THE STO'.

ZEB PARKS. — I was up to New York t' other day, Joe, 'n' I seen your ole friend Robinson on the street — Robinson as used to know you up in Minnesota 'fore you come down here — heard whar I was from, 'n' interduced himself to ax about you. Somebody'd stole his money, 'n' as you 'n' he had been so thick 'n' used to work together, I was sorry as I did n't have more 'n' nuff to git home on, or I'd 'a' lent him the ten he wanted.

JOE RANSOM. — Look here, Zeb., I'm sorry to have to tell you, and I hope you'll take it easy — that fellow was a confidence man!

ZEB PARKS. — You don't tell me so! Well, Joe, don't say no more about it — I won't think none the less of you. S' long 's a man's cut loose from his old set, 'n' is doin' right now, I'll let by-gones be by-gones, 'n' I won't speak of it, nuther, Joe.

HIGHLY SIGNIFICANT.

"Mr. Dana, what do you think of David B. Hill as a possible Presidential candidate."

"He is the coming man; and the fact that his opponents continually heap abuse upon him is highly significant. It shows that they fear him."

"And what do you think of the possible candidacy of Mr. Cleve — ?"

"Cleveland! Never!! If you want to know my opinion of that man, sir, read the *Sun*."

USELESS APPENDAGES.

LITTLE BOY. — Papa, have frogs tails?

PAPA. — No, my son; a frog would have no more use for a tail than Harrison has for Quay.

SAME THING.

MR. LAKEVIEW. — Have you ever been in Chicago?

MR. BAYVIEW. — No; but I was in Pittsburgh during the riots.



REASON FOR IT.

LAUNT ENNIS. — Here comes Mr. Cauldin. How well preserved he is for his age!

SALLY DE WITT. — No wonder — he's been in quite a pickle lately.

BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.

MR. WANAMAKER (*returning suddenly to his Philadelphia store*). — My goodness! Gracious me! Land sakes! What does this mean, Mr. Clerkson? You have discharged all of my oldest and most trusted employees, men who knew every detail of the business, and had proved faithful to every duty. What does it mean, sir?

MR. CLERKSON. — They were all Democrats.

MR. WANAMAKER (*hotly*). — Con — con — con — ding it, sir, you'll ruin me!

DRAWING THE LINE.

COLLECTOR. — Do you wish to subscribe to the flood-sufferers' fund, Mr. Greatman?

MR. GREATMAN (*an eminent statesman*). — H'm — I don't think there is any thing in that for me; most of the voters get drowned; but I'll subscribe to the fund for the striking miners in Indiana.

CAESAR WAS STABBED for wanting the world, and the other night an Italian stilletoed a poor devil for stealing a two-cent orange. The Italian character is variable; but it sticks fast to the habit of using knives on people who have none.

LOOK OUT FOR IT.

As light as the bloom on the tree,
As bright as the foam on the sea,
As merry and gay
As the bobolink's lay,
As he bobs o'er the clover care free;

As fair as the delicate dawn,
As fresh as the rose on the lawn,
All color and glow
Like the shining rain-bow,
And to travel as swift as the fawn;

To travel from Maine down to Tex.,
From Oregon unto New Mex.;
To prove a corrective
Of grief, irrespective
Of color, creed, country or sex;

It will soon shake the Land of the Free
With laughter from sea unto sea;
For the land will be stuck
On the MIDSUMMER PUCK,
Which will shortly be out. *Adv.*



A. Ottoman, Lith. P. C. & Sons, N. Y.

"Tanner suits Tanner, suits the President, and suits the Secretary of the Interior."—Secretary Noble.
Chorus of Swindlers.—And he suits us, too!



PUCK.

BY THE SEA.

Blue as the sky, away it stretches far,
Rolling in great unrest before the gale,
Breaking upon the shore with angry wail—
Foaming like beer upon the lonely bar.*
A white gull in the distance seems a star
Gleaming above a solitary sail
That says the soap that ever should prevail
Above all others is McGuffin's Tar.



* B. C. 33.

So with delight I watch the bounding sea,
While the salt spray about me wildly blows,
And lovely girls upon its billows bob;
Perhaps 't was at yon very spot, care free,
That Aphrodite in her beauty rose,
All radiant with her tender, snowy squab.

R. K. M.

THE PRESIDENT'S STORY.

"TELL US A STORY, Grandpa," said little Benny, as he put one foot against the President's sensitive shin-bone, and vaulted lightly upon his right knee.

"Tell us a story, Grandpa," echoed little Marthena, clambering upon the other knee, and laying her frowzy head against the President's stomach with a force that made him wince.

"Nonsense!" said the President. "Go and get your Uncle Elijah to tell you a story. It is a part of his duties to tell the stories for this Administration."

(Although Mr. Elijah Halford, the President's private secretary, is one of the few office-holders who are no relation of the family, the children have fallen into the familiar habit of calling him "Uncle.")

"No!" objected Benny and Marthena, emphatically; "we don't want one of Uncle Lige's stories. Besides, he is busy now telling them to a gang of office-seekers who want to get at you."

And, as a little hand was pulling teasingly at each corner of his whiskers, without further ado the President began:

"Once upon a time there was a little boy who lived in a town out West. He—"

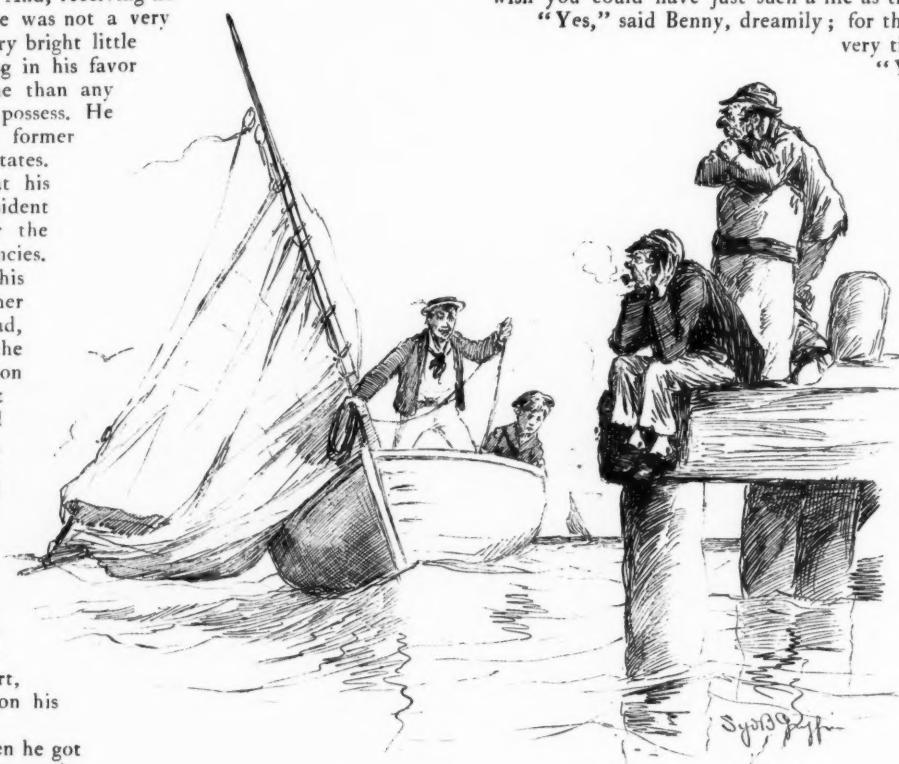
"That's the same old chestnut!" exclaimed Marthena, fretfully.

"It is the only story I know, and you must hear it or none," said the President, severely. And, receiving no reply, he went on: "He was not a very good little boy, nor a very bright little boy. But he had something in his favor which was of more value than any thing else a little boy can possess. He was the grandson of a former President of the United States.

"Yes; this fact that his grandfather had been President more than made up for the little boy's many deficiencies. Whenever he failed in his lessons at school, the teacher always sent him to the head, instead of to the foot of the class, as in case of common boys. Whenever he got into mischief, people would think of his grandfather, and let it pass unnoticed. And whenever he picked a quarrel with another boy, the other boy would allow himself to be whipped, out of respect for his antagonist's grandfather. Thus our little hero grew to manhood without much exertion on his part, and with a firm reliance on his grandfather."

"What did he do when he got to be a man?" asked Benny, as he was accustomed to do, at this point of the tale.

"He went on in just the same way. He became a lawyer, and acquired a large practice, on the



JEALOUS OF HIS HONOR.

HELMLEY (on board catboat).—Here, my man, lend a hand, will you, and catch this line; the halyard's parted!

WHARF RAT.—Sure, yer would n't be after makin' a scab out av me, would ye? Oi don't belong to de Boatman's Union!



SOMETHING APPROPRIATE.

NUGENT SPANCE.—Well, Madam, there is nothing so appropriate for an innocent child as white, pure white!

MRS. FAUNTLEROY.—Well, I'll look at some white suits. Are they on this counter?

MR. SPANCE.—No, Ma'am; these are barkeepers' jackets. This way, please!

strength of his grandfather. When the war broke out he was given command of a regiment, because his grandfather had been a great soldier. Honor after honor was heaped upon him, until finally he became President himself, just like his grandfather. —There, my little man, don't you wish you could have just such a life as that before you?"

"Yes," said Benny, dreamily; for the long story always made him very tired and sleepy.

"You may, boy, you may!" shouted the President, joyously; "for I am that little boy, and you are my grandscn.

After your Uncle Russell, who is next in the line of succession, has had his innings, your turn will come. Hooray!"

In his mad enthusiasm the President allowed both children to fall to the floor with a dull thud. Then the nurse came in and put them to bed.

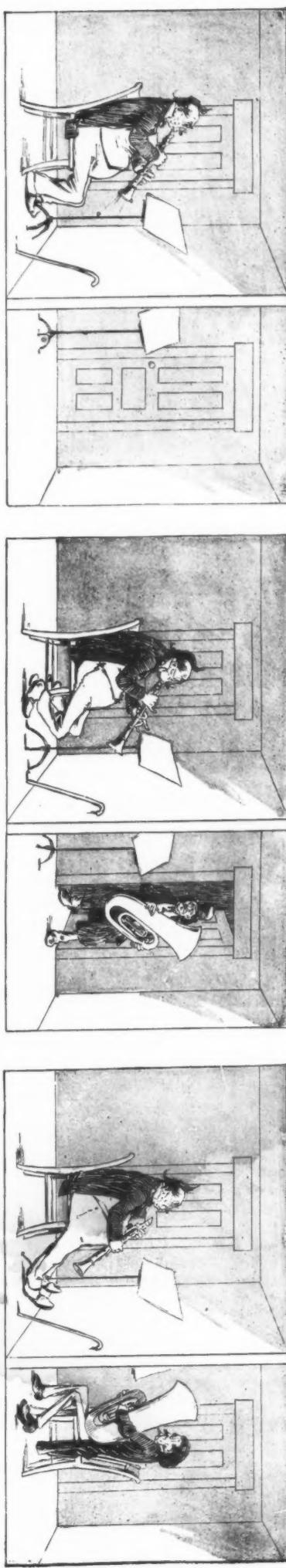
G. A. E.

TIME WAITS for nobody; but the office-boy frets these sunny afternoons because it will hurry for nobody.

FORTY-TWO STARS now appear on the American flags; but how many are there on the flags of the "Rialto?"

THE U. S. S. CONSTELLATION ran ashore recently. As the watery way is too much for her, why not transfer the vessel to the Milky Way?

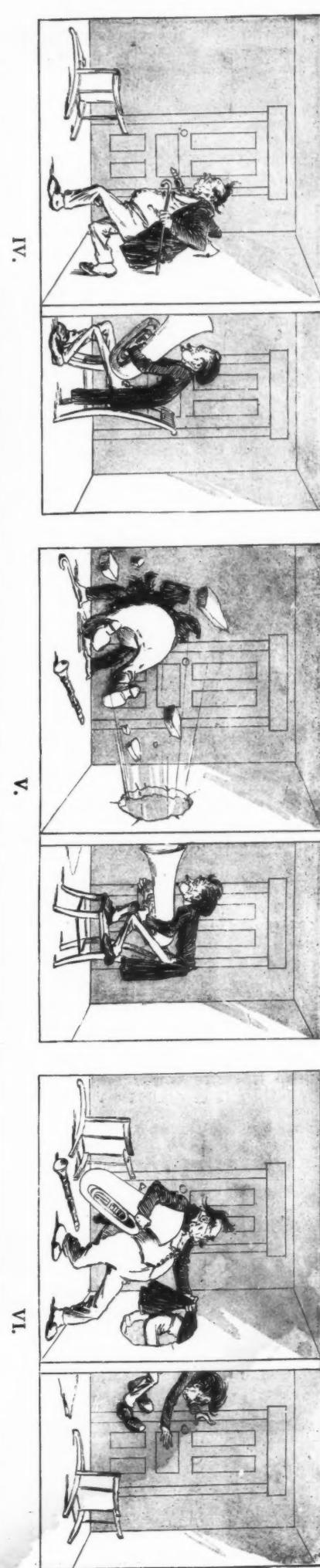
A SYMPHONY IN 'TWO FLATS.'



I.

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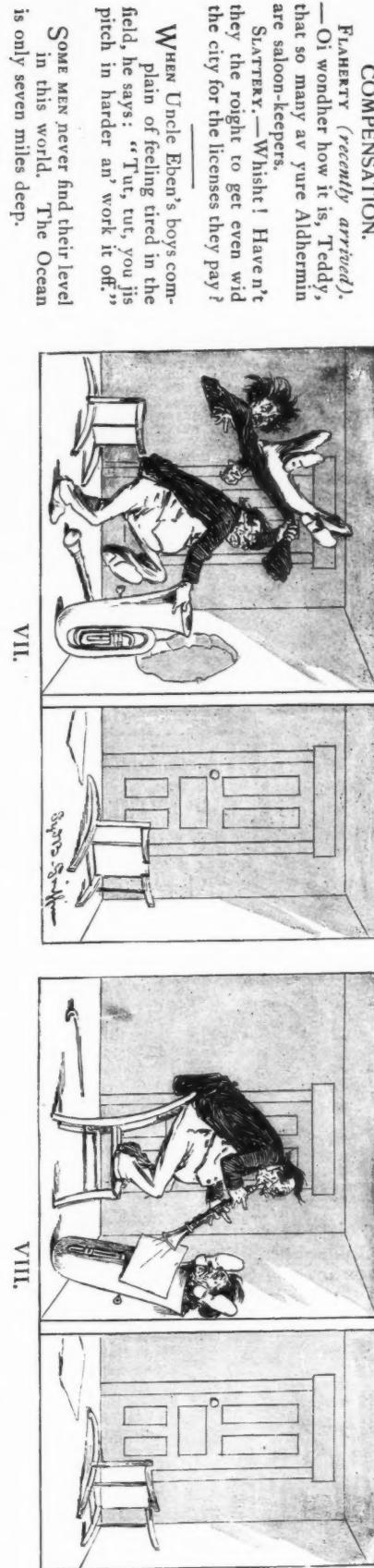
III.



IV.

V.

VI.



VII.

VIII.

COMPENSATION.

FLAHERTY (*recently arrived*).—
— Oi wondher how it is, Teddy,
that so many av yure Aldhemin
are saloon-keepers.

SLAVENKY.—Whisht! Haven't
they the roight to get even wid
the city for the licenses they pay?

WHEN Uncle Eben's boys com-
plain of feeling tired in the
field, he says: "Tut, tut, you jis
pitch in harder an' work it off."

SOME MEN never find their level
in this world. The Ocean
is only seven miles deep.

EVEN THE golden rule is only electroplated in these days of sham.

SAD WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, when he landed in England in
1066: "Thus I seize it, with both hands." Julius Cæsar got
there previously with both feet.

A "CHEF" IS WORTH MORE.

"Mrs. Westend puts on tremendous airs," remarked Mrs. Riverside
Rives to Mrs. Morris Parke; "she calls her cook a 'chef'."
"The idea!" replied Mrs. Parke. "Why, she only pays her six-
teen dollars a month!"

ALL THINGS come to him that waits; but it doesn't pay to hold
one's breath till they come.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE with most men consists in subtracting what
they own from what they owe.

CONSOLATION.

JOB LOTT.—Well, Kirby, how
did your lawsuit with Coffey Bro-
kaw come out?

KIRBY STONE.—It was a draw.

JOB LOTT.—Dismissed?

KIRBY STONE.—No, I paid;
but his lawyer got the pile!

GOBELIN blue is again very
popular. It is a shade es-
pecially adapted to spirituelle
girls.

IF THERE WAS such a thing as a
Malaria Trust, Long Island
would probably control it.

HERE is the first recorded instance of a hotel clerk being "sat on." He said there was one small, vacant room on the fifth floor.

Bill Nye said that would do.

Still suspicious, he said the elevator was not running.

Nye said he did n't care or that. He could climb.

The clerk had one more show to turn him out. He sprang it: "You have to pay in advance," he said.

Nye said that was all right, and was told in reply to his question that the tariff would be \$2.50.

Nye reached for a roll and threw out a \$100 bill. The clerk stammered, seeing that he had made the mistake so often fatal in this country. Then he said he had no change. Nye pulled back the \$100 bill and threw out a \$50. The clerk managed to break that one, and as he did so, the lines of good nature expanded all over his face and tickled the roots of his hair. He had been entertaining an angel unawares. Nye gazed at this auroral display of humor on the clerk's face and said:

"You remind me of Clay."

The display of vanity and good nature on the clerk's front would have been worth a good price as an attraction in the window at that moment.

"Indeed," he said, "Henry Clay?"

"No," replied Nye; "just the common everyday, mean, yeller clay, out of which they make bowls and platters in a country pottery."

And then he sought his couch.—*Hotel Mail*.

BREWSTER.—That young fellow seems to know more than you do.

BARCLAY.—No wonder. I'm his father.—*Life*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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USED TO DATING AHEAD.

RAZZLE.—I don't understand how young Quill gets so mixed on dates. The other day I met him, and he said it was nice weather for September.

DAZZLE.—That's easily explained. He's a bill clerk.—*Clother and Furnisher*.

WHAT THEY GAVE.

HUNGRY TRAMP.—What do you give for these fifteen-cent lunches you advertise?

PROPRIETOR.—Give you a first-rate appetite for your dinner. Got any more questions to ask?

—*Harvard Lampoon*.

English and French Cookery.

A celebrated French traveler remarked, the English have fifty religions and only one sauce. This, no doubt, shows ignorance as to religion, but a great deal of truth as regards the sauce, which, probably, was referred to as the very innocent concoction of a white sauce consisting either of some flour, butter and milk, or some bread and milk, usually tarter, and making the despair of foreign travelers in this country who are accustomed to good French sauces. The many American travelers going to the Paris Exhibition at this time will, no doubt, be struck with the difference between fine French cookery and the somewhat monotonous English cookery, and it may be worth while to ask what is the secret of the well-known success of French cookery. This secret is simply the "stock-pot," a preparation of concentrated meat juices, which is the stock to give to all dishes—soups, sauces and entrees—the fine meat-flavor which distinguishes refined cookery from coarse cookery. Many cooks, undoubtedly, know how to prepare stock, but in most cases the quality of such stock is too weak and insipid, and, besides, does not keep in any thing like warm weather; whilst, on the contrary, Liebig Company's Extract of Meat, being the finest concentrated meat juice, (1 lb. extract equal to 40 lbs. best lean meat,) keeps for any length of time, and in any temperature, and is the stock to which the highest perfection in French cookery. The warm season coming on, this may be a useful hint to ladies and housekeepers.—*Ladies' Pictorial*.

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Weak Stomach; * * * * * Disordered Liver; * * * * *

they ACT LIKE MAGIC;—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and rousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

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See the VICTORS for '89, Bicycles, Tricycles, Safeties. All highest grade. Illustrated catalogue free. Send for it.

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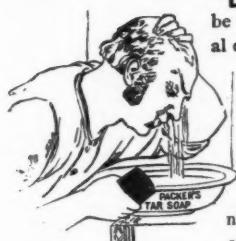
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No. 21.

RACELAND, the winner of the Suburban, has had a new cologne called after him. This is what might be termed horse scents.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A MAN never knows that a woman has any old clothes until he has married her.—*Atchison Weekly Globe.*

A TRIFLING MISTAKE.

PROOF-READER.—See here, you've set up the population of this city 10,000,000 instead of 1,000,000.

TRAMP PRINTER (*from the West*).—Huh! You Eastern folks is almighty particular, seems to me.—*New York Weekly.*

"I UNDERSTAND Jaggs is becoming quite a sport."

"Yes, he carries the sporting spirit into everything, even his diet; why, he only eats birds and blood oranges!"—*Yale Record.*

PEOPLE who get lonesome realize what poor company they are.—*Merchant Traveler.*

"VARIETY is the spice of life," as the Freshman remarked, when he dropped into his front seat at Bunnell's.—*Yale Record.*

Good morning HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP?

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"I am from St. Louis," said a young man, as he registered at a Chicago hotel.

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SOUND TO THE CORPS — A Bugle Call. — *Texas Siftings.*

A FASHIONABLE "DON'T."

Since bathing's tabooed
By society's whim,
Don't go in the surf
If you'd be in the swim.

— Munsey's Weekly.

THE SMALL BOY.

About this time, he carries in his pockets
A lot of crackers, red lights, blue lights, rockets,
Toy pistol, matches, pin-wheels and torpedos—
What patriot celebrates the Fourth as he does?
He gives that day full play to his emotions,
And on the next his wounds need cooling lotions.
— Boston Courier.

BEHAVE OR SHAVE.

They sat within the parlor dim,
And fretfully she said to him,
I wish, dear John, that you'd behave,
If not, I wish that you would shave.
— Boston Courier.

SELLING FUTURES — Fortune telling. — *Boston Com'l Bulletin.*

It is rumored that Jim the Penman is the real inventor of "Pigs in Clover." — *Yale Record.*

Mothers give Angostura Bitters to their children to stop colic and looseness of the bowels. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers. At all druggists.

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It thoroughly cleanses the scalp and hair of all impurities, leaving both in a clean and healthy condition, simply by using with pure soap and water. It causes no irritation, as is often experienced from finger tips or a bristle brush. For bathing the neck and face, or children, it will be found delightful. It is made from a sheet of pure Para rubber, one side being formed into cylindrical teeth with a flat end and the whole as soft and pliant as a silk handkerchief. Price, 75 cents. Send us postal note and we will forward prepaid.

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also CURES Hoarse-
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75 CENTS. BY MAIL, \$1.00.
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Society
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which,
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home the bill; can't you understand language? But beside these things, which are less useless than unornamental, encourage your wife and daughters to bring home little things for household decoration. An ingenious tourist with plenty of room in his trunks can utilize the woods and seashore by making them contribute lovely collections which a little artistic taste and skill can shape into beautiful ornaments.

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MONSIEUR.—Think so? I think they're rawther old and scrawny.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

SUMMER-HOTEL rates are taxation with misrepresentation.—*Merchant Traveler*.

X.—Say, Brown, your chief creditor, old Skinem, is dead.

BROWN (anxiously).—Is he buried?—*Munsey's Weekly*.

THREE Brooklyn thieves stole 350 barrels of sugar. They ought to have sand enough now to rob a bank.—*Prison Mirror*.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

Dr. Tanner is wasting his time in his loquacious tirade about suspended animation. Ex-President Hayes has been buried alive for nearly ten years.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

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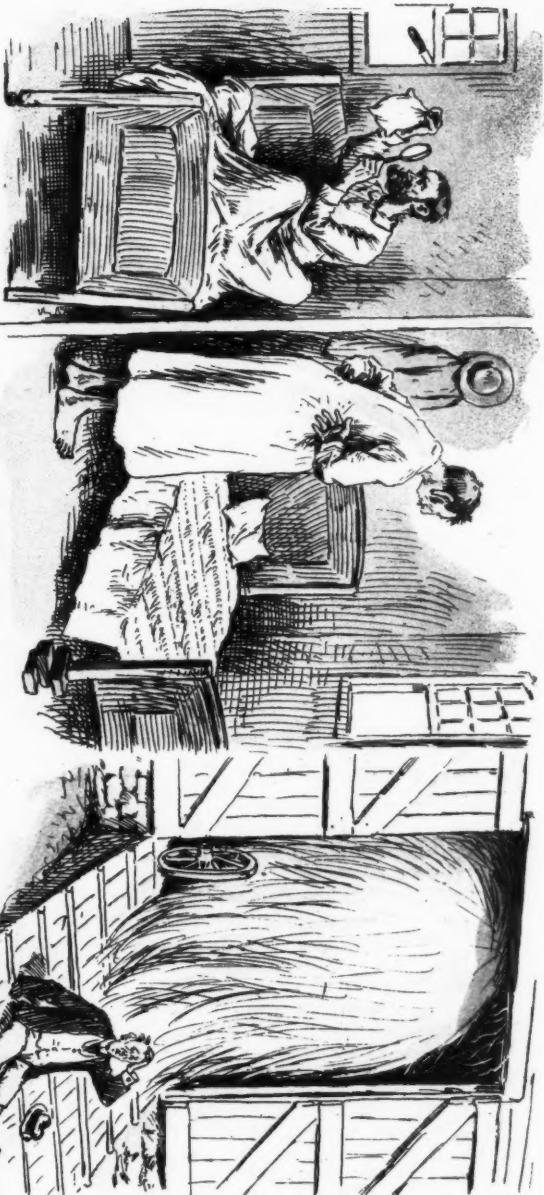
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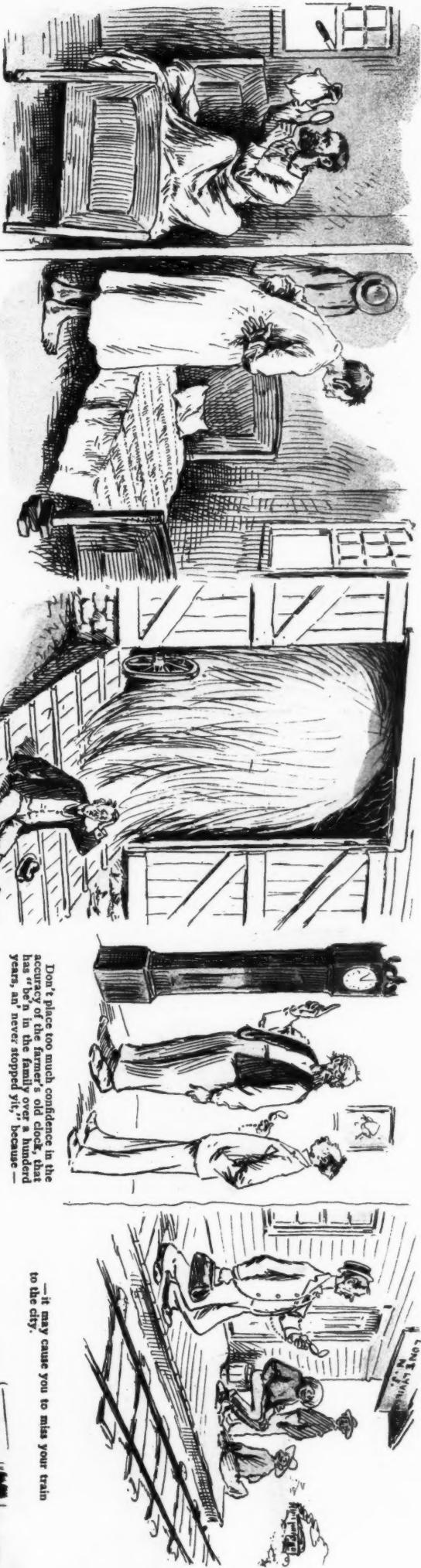
— Ten to one the man in the next
room is worse off than you are.

Don't ride backwards on a load of hay.



Don't place too much confidence in the
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